MATTER WORTH READING.

She is a daisy: Elle est une marguerite.

Are you wid us? Voulez-yous boire ave

supes des noirs ont battu nobler

That's a corker: C'est magnifique,

vous au bal ce soir?

Not this evening: Pas ce soir,

Hang it up: Mettez cela sur l'ardoise.

Let the eagle scream: Parmettez qu

What's chewin' yer? Qu' avez yous?

I never drink behind the bar: Je ne bois

No funny business: Pas d'affaire comique Rats, chestnuts: Des rats, des chataianes.

That takes the cake: Cela recoit le

The white horse and the red-headed girl: Le cheval blanc et la fille aux cheveux

Civil service reform: La reforme chi-

This phrase book has the sanction of the

Hop. Jehn Baker, formerly United States

Minister to Venezuela.-[New York Sun.

Beheaded Rhymes.

In each of the following couplets fill the

first blank with a word which, after drop-

ping the first letter, will fit the second:

Still kept his patience as he

2. At the first bite the line be -

3. Pete drew a picture of a -

4. When sailing long in many -

5. She glared on him in feeble ----

And struck thereon one raven

For he had stepped upon her ----

-INew York World.

6. The barber took his painted -

She Was Dreaming.

Two young married ladies, friends and neighbors, walked along Euclid avenue re-

cently. Two women passed them, and in passing one of them said to the other,

"What beautiful eyes!" Both of the inter-

ested parties heard the remark, and a mo-

that rather impudent of that woman to flatter me in that manner and in my hear-

"Flatter you?" snapped the other, "you're

The two neighbors have parted company,

and they never speak as they pass by.

Somewhat Mixed.

The Chattooga (Ga.) News has the follow

ment later one said to the other:

[Cleveland Plaindealer.

I. The fisherman with line all -----,

And off the fish fell from the -

And drew it, too, with pen and

To knock out: Metre hors du comba

It was the cat: C'etait le chat.

Young feller, boss: Monsieur.

Dude: Un gommeux.

the hands of his friends: Dans le

Great Scott, gosh! Nom d'une pipe!

jour froid quand je suis laisse.

fluence, ou une secousse

Blaine est il malade?

erce libre!

Piet La pate.

l'afgle s'ecrie.

mains de ses amis.

mais derriere la barre.

mehes sur mot.

Denis ou Boue.

EVERY BYBNING. WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY,

HALLET RILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

943 D STREET N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C. THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,

Washington. D. C. WASHINGTON, MARCH 11, 1889.

OUR REAL ESTATE AGENTS. Our real estate agents are the activ promoters of the prosperity and adcancement of our beautiful city.

They are constantly on the alert to exhibit to each visitor the many attractions which Washington presents over any other city in the land as the most delightful place for residence and the safest locality in which to make remunerative real estate investments. They are so many intelligent guides

to the visitor and sojourner, pointing out the many established objects of national and local interest, and the certain extension, enlargement and increase of the public institutions and private enterprises, which are sure to follow from the continuous concentration of the vast Government interests here and the rapid increase of wealthy and cultured residents.

They are so many independent and influential delegates working with unabated zeal at each session of Congress to secure legislation for the material prosperty and advancement of the arid interests of the Nation's Capital City.

No other representative class of the citizens of the District are so persistent and potential in advancing the growth and substantial improvement of Washington as our energetic real estate agents. Their prosperity depends upon the progress and development of the material affairs of the District of Columbia, and their vocation is of such a character that in advancing their own interests their enterprising efforts necessarily promote the prosperity of the whole community.

The Washington real estate agents are so many advance couriers heralding the advantages which the Capital City possesses in its innumerable attractions citizens, sojourners and visitors and, without irreverence, it may be said they are like unto so many John the Baptists proclaiming the advent of a new progress, development and grandeur in the unequalled social, political, educational, historical, artistic and climatic attractions of the National seat of Government.

THE "POST'S" SILK HAT AGAIN. Up to a late hour to-day nothing had been heard of the fine silk hat taken from the Post by "a candidate for a prominent position." nor has our contemporary yet revealed the name of the pilferer. It is not known whether the canhas yet received a promise of the office he seeks, but it is supposed that he has not. It is even rumored that the Post's reticence has caused a delay in sending in a number of nominations to the Senate, the President naturally hestiating lest among the appointees he may unwittingly get the man who stole

It would be a curious thing were our steemed contemporary's mistaken kindheartedness to result in delaying public business and keeping a great nation on tenter-hooks for an indefinite length of

Again we call on our esteemed contemporary for the name.

GOVERNOR HYEL denies that he is to be married. The alleged bride is Miss Hotchkiss of Elmira, N. Y., daughter of U. S. Consul J. J. Hotchkiss at Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Hill's friend, G. Cleveland, denied a similar report even up to the date of its occurrence. These old bachelors are just a little too giddy for anything.

IF THE STORY of the massacre of a party of French tourists in Yellowstone Park be true, and it be also true that hunters are ranging the Park killing game for hides, then the policing of that great reservation is not what it should be. Here is something to be looked to.

ANY DEFINITE information regarding the Nipsic will be thankfully received at this office. We do not desire to pull the trigger till the target is ready.

THE SUGGESTION Of a New York society woman, that the White House might be handsomely furnished by each State taking a room and decorating it, is not a half bad The General Government doesn't appear to be inclined that way and the Executive Mansion certainly is in need of sort of beautifying effects. couldn't all the States chip in?

THE PRESIDENT and his family attended terday. As it was not known where they would go, all the probable places had good congregations. As a missionary Mr. Harvison can do some very active and useful

"Guilderoy." This appears to be a shrewd advertising dodge. The whole world will, buy the book to learn when, and where, and how Guilderoy flew that kite.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN IS drunk again and is painting several New England towns in mell dyes. What John needs most is a fatal attack of lead poisoning at short

PARSIDENT HARRISON IS said to own a yellow cat. The cat is nothing, though, to whom are looking out for something.

THE CHICAGO baseball combination will soon finish its trip around the world, and will be given a reception in New York. It | Post is realised that since Napoleon's army faced | it is.

WASHINGTON CRITIC | the Manuelukes nothing has happened in Egypt to compare with the event when Gilhooley went to but under the shadow of the pyramids.

THERE is a fishy flavor about the reported Park. The Samoan news producer is ap parently unanimously ublquitous, COLUMBIA to Brother Jonathan, apropos

of events in the Pacific: "Sammy, get you gun, get your gun, get your gun! SPEAKING OF GOOD newspapers, what was

the matter with yesterday's edition of the New York Sun? WHAT DELIGHTFUL weather Washington has when there is nothing going on but

THE QUESTION of the day: "What nom!

THE SINKING of the Nipsie: The Wiener-

THE CAPITAL FOOTMAN.



I'm an imported joker. I am a bird that's rare, I've swallowed a poker, I've a cold, frozen stare; I've a great head; My suit is greeney-yallery, I draw a good salary: The moneyed chap, et al, Here at the Capital, Hire me, Admire me I've a great head,

I look dead. CRITICULAR.

not write for money," said poetess proudly to the editor. "I write for

Well, don't write for it any more, anyhow not to this office. Come down after it yourself, and if we've got any to spare you can take it along with you. Tra-le-lu

The Nipsic has Olga-n-to pieces.

MODERN FICTION. Young women now essay the style Of writing which is hot, And pen erotic novels with-The accent on the rot.

A Cincinnati poetess remarks: "I wait, I wait, To learn the freight, Ye heavy burdened ships of fate."

Does she want to pay the freight on

Corncracker, is in trouble. Hear him: We desire to state that whereas in our church notices last week the types made us say Rev. John Smeads greased the pulpit of the Methodist Church on Sunday, it should have been "graced the pulpit," &c.

In domestic circles: "There are 50,801,592 hogs in the United States," remarked Mr. Topnoody from the depths of an easy chair as he laid down a

statistical report and looked up at his wife, who had come in and was standing "Make it 50,301,503," she replied, sig-nificantly, as he continued to let her

"How many children had George Washington?" inquired a primary teacher in the Franklin School the other morning.

"None," replied a bright boy. have ?" she asked again. "Two," was the reply.

Then a very dull boy held up his hand. "Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Wh-where did she g-git 'em?" he tammered out slowly, and the teacher

Saxon Blood Thicker than Water.

collapsed.

(St. Stephen's Review, London.)
The correspondence on the Samoan ques tion, between the two governments of Ger many and the United States, seems to indicate that Prince Bismarck has been playing with a high, imperious hand, indeed, and a hand which is evidently beginning to lose ts cunning. The German Chancellor car not for one moment imagine that America is to be insulted with impunity. Prince Bismarck no doubt thinks that the Yanke will not dare to take his own part, know ing, as he must do, that the German fleet can steam to Sandy Hook in ten days and shell all the towns along the coas from New York to New Orleans but mayhap it does not enter even futo the decaying old man's calculations that the Columbia would never permit a German fleet so to operate. It is just as well to in form him of this fact, but if he doubt it le him instruct his secret agents over here and there are plenty—to ask a casual hundred of Englishmen the question. He will find at least ninety per cent, would un-hesitatingly reply that before the Kron Prinz could rain its iron shower on Broad way, the Benbow and the Inflexible would have first to be beneath the waves of the

The Time He Didn't Run.

[Detroit Free Press.] Two or three weeks since we denounce Colonel Hallimell as a claim-jumper, mule stealer and wife-deserter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope.

Saturday evening, as we were talking

with the cashier of the First National Bank the Colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own maxement and to the lptense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run.

On the contrary, we salled into the Colonel like a brick house falling on a sand fish and we had him licked inside of five

We can't account for these freaks in o ature. Sometimes &e fight like a tornado, and again we run like a jack-rabbit, People intending to lay for us must take their chances.

(Lenowine's News.)
I was told that Senator Spooner had re ceived upward of 750 applications for post tions from Wisconsin people up to Thurs day last. Hundreds of people have per sonally applied, and all mails are loaded

down with applications. Doesn't Believe It. We don't believe in that lost hat. The Post has its Hat on, and a very good one

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A few weeks before the 4th of March. Laralette, the little daughter of Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller, went with her mother to one of Mrs. Cleveland's re ceptions. The child was very anxious to Mrs. Cleveland and everything about the reception interested her intensely. After she had returned home her moth asked her what she thought of it. "Why," she said, in disappointed to:

it wasn't like I thought it was. Cleveland just looked like anybody. "What did you expect?" "Oh, everything. I thought she would sit on a big throne, with a gold crown on

her beed and a necklace around her neck, and diamond rings on her fingers, and Mr Cleveland sitting at a desk in his shirt sleeves working ever so hard. And I didn't even see Mr. Cleveland."

It would be hard to tell where the child got her peculiar notions, but it was not necessary to explain any further to her that she was mistaken

"In a few days I shall be an American citizen," remarked Colonel Nick Bell, superintendent of Foreign Mails. "You are not going to plunge the De-partment into the soup by departing

hastily?" inquired the reporter.
"Oh, no"—this very modestly—"but my esignation is in the hands of the Postmas ter-General and I am ready to go at a mo ment's notice. I don't propose to 'shake' the new firm, however, and will help it out till April, if necessary. Then I go to St. Louis to wait for the future. As I have before stated, it is almighty lonesome in Washington for a Democrat," and the Colonel sighed and started over to the Treasury building to commune with Com-

atsaloner Joe Miller.

A native Hoosier, fresh from the Wahash, and who wants to be postmaster at his cross-roads, was telling a boarding-house acquaintance this morning about a supper he had at John Chamberlin's last evening as the guest of a member of Congress 'We had a new-fangled game supper," remarked the Hoosier, "and it beat any cookin' I ever saw in Injeanny."

"What kind of game was it?" "Twas what they called a Welsh rabbit, cooked into a thin paste and spread on toast, and was mighty good eatin', I tell you. There was no bones in it. These Welsh rabbits must be different from our Injeanny cotton-tails, or maybe it's the way Chamberlin has of cookin' 'em," continued the Hoosiër, as he lapped his long tongue over his lips in memory of the good taste left in his mouth.

Speaking of the report of the Samoar battle and of newspaper "fakes" generally reminded Commodore Walker of a "fake" story which was perpetrated upon him by a French newspaper. This is the story as he related it to a group of newspaper men yesterday: "In '69 and '70 I was com-mander of the U. S. ship Sabine, and was lying in the harbor of Cherbourg. France. There were over 500 souls aboard, all told, including sixty cadet midshipmen, and a more peaceful and quieter ship's family never trod a deck. We left Cherbourg and sailed for Lisbon. When we dropped anchor in the harbor the vessel was immediately surrounded by a fleet of small boats containing excited men, who wanted to learn why I had cruelly tortured and hung seven of my seamen. I was mystifled exceedingly, and a copy of a newspaper was handed me, wherein I read a most har rowing tale. According to that report an attempt had been made up the powder magazine of the Sa bine by mutineers. Twenty-eight men were arrested, tried by a drum-head courtmartial and seven were sentenced to death As the ship was in a French harbor, application was made to the authorities by me for the privilege of hanging the men in the harbor. It was refused, whereupon I got under way, and as the vessel passed the outer breakwater, up went the seven men stringing to the yard-arm. The contortion and writhings of the poor fellows were pitiful to behold, as viewed by a number of French officers through their spy-glasses, and the tale was told in a most graphic nanner, all the details being carefully worked up. Well, that story, published first in a French newspaper, went the rounds of the world and raised a perfect howl of indignation against me, and it was a long time before the official denials of it could quell the uprising of popular feeling against me. Therefore, with this experience before me, I am not going to take any stock in the account of the Samoan battle merely because the names and de tails are given."

Saturday evening, shortly after duck, in the entrance of a popular little restaurant on F street, stood one of the most winning little figures that it would be possible to

It was a tiny newsboy, with an unusu ally corpulent bundle of papers under his arm. His age could not have been over 8; his softly rounded cheeks were suffused by a charmingly delicate color, born of sleep, for the little fellow stood with his head tipped back into a corner, his feet braced out far in front of him to prevent his toppling over, sound asleep.

His cap had tilted back upon his little

head just far enough to expose a delicate fringe of tawny locks. A little smudge of dirt rubbed here and there upon hi cheeks served but to enhance their softly rounded curves and delicate tints.

Inside the restaurant some one called the attention of the proprietor to his new at-

traction at the door. He laughed a full-fed, hearty laughed. "Oh, yes," he said, "they are all up to that trick; they stand around and sleep in all sorts of odd corners through the evening The chances are ten to one that some kindhearted soul will take pity on them and buy up their whole stock and send them home If they are not so lucky as that, why they wake up just as the theatres are letting out and tackle the crowd with a pitiful tale of a starving family, and how they were 'stuck' with their evening papers. They are pretty shrewd, those little gamin. I strongly suspect that the kid at the door there is just etting up a plant for some of my cus tomers, but he looks so pretty and childish that I really haven't the heart to make him

Mme. Jane Hading sailed from New York for her beloved Paris last Saturday, and went away in a bad humor with her sister actress, Miss Anderson. Jennie was very anxious to see Mollie in "The Winter's Tale," and came clear over here from New York last Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Abbey, for that purpose, but the fair Kentuckian, however desirous of accom-modating the fair Parisian, was controlled by her physician, and could not go on the stage that night. Indeed, she was so ill that she did not even see Miss Hading at the hotel, and that is what hurt the Fr lady. She thought she ought to have had chance to talk to her, anyhow, and as she did not she went away in a huff and took the 11 o'clock train back to the point of leparture. Now she is out on the be due Atlantic, and if she should drown inforgiving Mary, where would she go to For the sake of harmony it is stated right here that Miss Anderson meant no dis respect to Miss Hading, and that she was really and actually too sick to see her, and Miss Hading should restrain her impetSOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A Guide to Conversational French. Miss Louise Barry is Mrs. Theodore There are no flies on me: Il n'y a pas des King's guest. Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Harlan are at hom To work the growler: Mettre en æuvre le this afternoon.

Mrs. Logan and the Misses Pullman have In the soup: Dans la soupe, or Dans le left Reglin for Italy. Ex-Secretary and Mrs. Whitney sall for

Europe the 27th of next month. Heeler: Un page politique. His name is Dinnis or Mud: Son nom est Mrs. and Miss Van Buren receive fuesday at the Richmond for the last time. Mrs. Senator Ingalls has discontinued her regular Monday receptions for the

I am solid with the Administration; Je Representative and Mrs. Dockery of nis solide avec le Gouvernement.

The colored troops fought nobly: Les souri will leave to-night for their he at Gallatin. Hop, William Walter Phelps and Repre It's a cold day when I'm left; C'est un

entative Hitt and their families are going o Old Point this week. Mrs. Harbaugh and her sister, Mrs. Hen I have inflocence, or a pull: J'ai de l'inderson, Mr. and Mrs. Soule's guests, went A small bottle: Une demi-bouteille de to Fortress Monroe yesterday. vin de Champagne. What's the matter with Blaine? Monsieur

Miss Jessie McDermott leaves for her home in New York Wednesday, after speuding the season with her mother.

Mr. W. F. O'Brien of the United Press. No, he's all right: Nom, il est tout droit. No, no, no free trade! Pas, pas, pas de who is dangerously ill with pneumonia, is reported as showing no improvement since

What are ye givin' us? Qu' est que ce que Saturday. Mr. Hiram Mitchell, son of Senat Mitchell of Oregon, who has been ill with typhoid fever for three weeks, is improving ery slowly. Are you going to the ball this evening

Mrs. Cannon and the Misses Cannon left this morning for Danville, 111. Represent ative Cannon will remain in Washington some days yet.

Mrs. Senator Hearst, with her guests Miss Moore and Mme. Bareda and daughter, left to-day for Florida, to be one ten days. Ex-Secretary and Mrs. Endicott will re

nain here until the 27th of April, when they sail for England to visit their daughter, Mrs. Chamberlain. The Misses Powell of New York and Miss Post of New Jersey, who have been visiting Miss Ada Corwin of Q street, have

returned to their homes. Colonel O. O. Stealey of the Journal, has gone to Jeffersonville, Ind., to attend the funeral of his uncle, who died suddenly in that town last week.

Representative and Mrs. McCreary of Kentucky have been to New York for a few days, but are back at Willard's for a brief stay, when they will depart for Richmond, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Rickey and Miss Alby Rickey of Missouri and Miss Streeker of Chicago, who has been their guest at Willard's, went to New York a few days ago and are now on their way to the West General John B. Henderson has left for St. Louis on legal business. Mrs. Hender son, who is at the Richmond, will leave for New York this week. They will return in about two weeks. Their new house in this city will be finished in about six weeks

Mrs. Albert A. Wilson, assisted by Mrs. Haskins, gave an informal reception Friday afternoon. In her parlor Mrs. Wilson ha bust of Mrs. Cleveland which the Presilent's wife sent there for safe keeping until her future residence is put in order.

Miss Maria Virginia Harding of Brook yn, the author of a new novel, "The Soul of Lady Agnes," is well-known here, hav ing spent the winter before last with Min ister Preston's family. Her folks contemplate making this city their winter home. Quite a number of Congressmen and their families left the city Saturday even ing and yesterday for their respective homes. Among those who have departed are Colonel Hatch, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Hatch and Miss Hawkins, a sister of Mrs. Hatch who have gone directly to Hannibal, Mo. Representative Clardy to Farmington Mo.; Representative and Mrs. Bland and

their children to Lebanon, Mo. Mr. G. C. Gron of Denmark, representing the Berlingske Tidende of Copenhagen Washington for several months, leaves to night for New York, and will sail for Paris Saturday, to take care of the expofor a number of American and Europer newspapers. Mr. Gron te an accompli linguist, a journalist well posted in the affairs of both continents, and an entertain

navy officers in gold lace enough for the average admiral, some of them guiding their preity wives through the crush. The

Rourkes were there, too, apparently us

azed by the magnificence of the surroundings. A pound of the best mixed candy

ings. A pound of the best mare continued a more infinite could not have contained a more infinite variety of separate particles of more or less than was included in

efined sweetness than was included in

general make-up of the

semblage. Owing to the recent death of

his brother, Berry Wall was not present, but I am told he had arranged to wear a new full-dress suit that would have been

dopted on sight by the new administration.

It was to be similar to the dancing suit

worn by the men at Mrs. Sloane's ball

ecently, save that the vest was to have

been of black satin picked out with small

silver figures, and the coat of watered

black moire-antique silk and cut almost in a frock shape, high in the waist, tight in

the sleeves and with ruffs at the neck and

cuffs. As it was, however, John Jacob

dancing suit, and was ordered in bad broken English by a swarthy Portuguese nobleman

late in the evening to summon his carriage. Mr. Astor rather complicated matters when

e retorted indignantly. "Go fetch mine,

ou impudent black rascal." But this is

stablished a lost and found room,

Astor, jr., appeared in his knee-bree

cosmopolitan atmosphere.

O'Briens and the Barney

ing conundrum for its readers: Mack Carter, a son of Bill Carter, married Tuck Phillips' daughter and Tuck Phillips mar-ried Bill Carter's daughter, and Bill Carter married Tuck Phillips' daughter. Bill ing writer.
FLIPPANT SOCIETY TALK. That exceedingly lively journal, Town Carter & therefore, Tuck Phillips' son-inlaw and father-in-law, and Tuck Phillips is father-in-law's son's father-in-law. The ball inaugural may be described as a howling success. Nothing like it has ever while Bill Carter's son's wife is his fatherin-law's daughter. Now, if Tuck Phillip een seen in this country, and nothing like it is likely to be seen here again. The order Bill Carter's father-in-law's child and at of the Harrison Court in favor of high the same time his son-in-law's child. But necked dresses could not have been pro-mulgated, if, indeed, it was ever intended the impossible thing to tell is what relationto be issued, for such a bareback displa bas not been heheld outside of a circu ship would exist between the respective ring for many and many a day. There were foreign ministers and diplomatic attaches, resplendent in the court costumes of their respective countries, and army and

children of the three couples in case they have children. Can any one tell? A Shrewd Jailer. The prisoners in jail at Deadwood, D. T., held celebrations in their cells, making night hideous with their noise and clamor. The sheriff ordered them repeatedly to stop, but without avail, when one night he "doused" the fire and opened all the winlows, declaring that he would freeze the noise out of them. As the cold was 28 de grees below zero, the effect was immediate The boys begged the sheriff to let up on them, when he closed the windows and rebuilt the fire. A Toper's Club.

A Topers' Club is a novel organization of Kyoto, Japan. It has twenty-three members, each of whom, before being ad-

mitted to membership, had to prove his ability to drink seven bottles of any intoxi cant at one sitting. At a recent meeting, it is said, a member drank during the initiation ceremonies eight sho of sake (sufficient to fill about twenty brandy bottles), and his associates think he deserves to be made president of the society.

Did Not go Dry. People who imagine for one moment that the soldiers who marched through the rain at President Harrison's inauguration with out a drink of liquor don't belong to a well posted military company or they would know better. After commiserating with a military friend who had exposed his manly form to the public gaze and the dreuching rain, a Carrie reporter was let into the se-cret. "I had two half-pint flasks concealed about my clothes," said the soldier, "that gave me rather a full-chested appearance. Attached to these was the smallest of rub-ber tubes, the end of which was at my colar-button, and it was the easiest thing in the world to get onto it with, my lips and siphon the contents into my stomach. s been many a year since I sucked from a bettle before, but a man will do most any thing rather than get the malaria or th

rbeumatism.
"Some of the boys," said he, "objected to going back to the sucking bottle, and they cleaned out the barrels of their Springfield rifles, filled them with the preciou fluid and had a short piece of pipe coming out at the partially closed breech. When they came to certain orders they could get their mouths on the rubber without at tracting the slightest attention. One kind hearted fellow, who allowed a delicate companion to dally with his tube during abort halt, came near giving the whol thing away in his rage, when he discovere that the sucker had absolutely drained the

The President at Church. esident Harrison spent his first Sunday in the White House very quietly. He at tended religious service at the Church of the Covenant. Dr. Hamlin, the pastor, preached a sermon from St. John. His text was: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." There was a large attendance.

spicy," was the way I heard a well-known Congressman typify the alleged feast. Paul Dana and Gussie Montant were the builton and gold baccof staff officers of the New York militia, Mr. Dana slender and aristocratic in his uniform, while Mr. Motant bore himself with the immense composure which has grown to be the descriptive phrase with regard to his appearance upon every trying occasion. Tom Ochiltree, his golden mane afame in the reflection of the myriad of lights, was conversing in Russian with a distinguished and foreign-looking lady, while his imaginative eye roamed over the scene of glitter and movement, drawing inspiration therefrom for the word-pictures he was weaving for his fair tle Chinese Minister had on his most gorgeous gown, and was continually sending his interpreters after the prettiest girls on the floor, expressing a desire for an interview. The Washington damsels have become aware that the noble Mongolian has

about 100 wives at home in the Flowery Kingdom, and, knowing by sight the in terpreter, there is always a comical scatter at his approach. An account of a great event which in the nature of its vastness one cannot see all at once must be more or less episodical, and from glimpses of wha was going on about me I have endeavored to convey to my readers some idea of the memorable ball in honor of the inaugura-tion of President Benjamin Harrison.

Apropos of the change of administration the question arises as to who, among the wives of the Cabinet officers, will assume the role of social leader, which for four years has been so brilliantly filled by Mrs. Whitney. There are at the same time tho in Washington who express a hope that whoever this new star may be she will exercise a trifle more discretion than her predecessor in the making up of her list. How own claim to social distinction it is very questionable whether she could, merely by taking up or casting off a person, work tha

A LIVELY CHASE.

individual's social success or ruin

People have not yet ceased talking about the funny things that happened on inauguration day. In the morning the colonel of visiting regiment rode up and down the Avenue two or three times on his handsomhorse, several times at the disapproval of Police Lieutenant Gessford, who had command of the police squad that kept order on a section of the Avenue. Lieutenant Gessford told the Colonel that he could not be permitted to dash up and down the crowded street that way, however handsome he looked on his mettlesome horse or how perfect a horesman he might be. The Colonel expressed a conviction that he would do as he — — pleased, and digging his spure into his horse dashed up the subordinates was Private Slack. Officer Slack was mounted on a horse that you could almost see through. His ribs she as prominently as pickets on a fence do. "Officer Slack," said the Lieutenant, "catch that man and bring him back here." Mr. Slack rose in his stirrups and started after the Colonel.

The latter had a good half square start, but the policeman's lean horse overhauled him rapidly. The Colonel looked over his shoulder and saw this and urged his horse the Colonel's horse was, and he went like the wind. But as he was urged faster his plates began to slip on the wet, slin asphalt, and once in a while a foot would slip out from under him as if he was on roller skates. But he went fast for al that. The crowd became interested in the race and then excited over it, and cheered both racers indiscriminately. The police-man's horse moved up steadily. His boofs rose and fell like clock-work and he was as sure-footed as a cat. Not a slip did he make the whole three squares the race lasted. His footing was as good as if he had been on a race track. Well, the policeroan overhauled the Colonel after a rac of three or four squares and brought him back to the police lieutenant, who let him go with an admonition not to do it again But every one wondered at the speed the lean horse the policeman rode showed, and marveled that he didn't slip at all, while paired his speed. Pol man Black told now it was last night. His horse was Prince Albert, who has run a half mile in 56 sec onds. He didn't alip on the wet pavement because the wily policeman had taken bis

shoes off. WHITE HOUSE CHANGES. Since March 4 there has been but little change in the White House, yet every one who has been accustomed to visiting the place and who goes there now comes awa to speak of a difference not attributable to changed furniture or crowds or methods It is the people, of course. They are strange, and nearly all who go to see them are strange to them. Mr. Halford sits at the desk of Colonel Lamont. He is sparer, may not be so anxious, but he looks more pervous and worried. He hesitates before he answers anybody. He has yet to acquire composure. If he persists in his prenervous activity he will certainly not last. Colonel Lamont, of sanguine temperament disciplined by years of experience in meet-ing and warding off direct inquiries, had got beyond the betrayal of concern so visible in the face of the new secretary whenever he is approached by an inquiry, whether it be for the press or for political place. At brought from Indianapolis. The young lady stenographer and typewriter, Miss Sanger, whom President Harrison to hear and write out all his confi dential communications, has a desk in a little room beyond that of Mr. Halford. Mr. Hendley, who has for years occupied a desk in the Secretary's office, has peared from that room. Down at the fool of the stairway to the executive end of the building the large door that has seldon been closed except to temporarily shut off a crowd, has been repeatedly closed this week to bar all progress to the upper part of the house. The tenants are new and one of those contretemps which grow out of their ways are not the ways of those who went before they came .- [Cor. N. Y. Times

TRIBUTE TO AN AUTHOR.

The crush was simply beyond description nothing has been known like it since Mrs. Hicks-Lord's memorable afternoon fetc last season. The committee had wisely "Francis Bacon" (Fisher Unwin), by an American, Mr. B. G. Lovejoy (of Washingmany ladies who were separated from their ton), D. C., has a special object. "Bacon is having his revival in America;" his Essays scorts found refuge there until they were eclaimed. This plan, by the way, did are a text-book at colleges and high schools away with the somewhat onerous duties of So far, so good; but the most popular American life of Bacon is a bit of herohe gentleman, who, always in Brooklyn American life of Bacon is a bit of hero-worship, "every comment seeming a com-promise with, or apology for, the individual and official corruption against which the American mind is beginning to revolt." Mr. Lovejoy, therefore, sets forth Bacon as "the great type of official bribe-takers," and hopes, by showing the ugliness of his conduct, to shame American judges into a correctness which rumor says they have not always maintained. Not that there is any assume in his book. He writes remarkably well, is fair to both sides, and when (as in and other suburban places, mounts the platform, states that "a gold locket has cen lost, and the finder will kindly return it to the committee," and apparently en-joys the exhibition of himself very much. The rush for carriages was one of the most maddening features of the great jumble No one knows how many couples were rifted apart and how many of the wrong animus in his book. He writes remarkably well, is fair to both sides, and when (as in the cases of Essex and Yelverton and Thomas Sutton's Charterhouse foundation) he sums up against Bacon, he convicts him out of his own mouth. To the Essays, annoxed to this "critical review of Bacon's life and character," he has added a very few extracts from the other writings. There are some misprints, especially in the Latin. These must be corrected in a new edition of what we hope may be a handbook for both continents.—[London Graphic, February 16. people drove away together. There was n getting back, however, and I venture to state that Washington domestic life will not grow placid for several days yet over the mistakes of the night. It was an-I noticed several members of the Diplo-matic Corps and more than one Capital belle who had found the secret nook where Bacchus dispensed his nectar with a lavish February 16.

The collation was a cold one-"as cold HEURICH's bottled Maezern beer. Tel phone call, 634-3. is a ballet girl's dress and not nearly so

A PRIZE CONUNDRUM CONTEST.

The New York Evening World recently offered a prize for the best collection original conundrums, to be sent in within a given time. The result was most interest ing. THE CRITIC is inclined to try the same experiment in Washington and a prize of \$5 will accordingly be given for the best lot of original conundrums with their answers (quality to be considered above quantity) sent to this office before April 1. The award will be made by Mr. W. J. Lampton of THE CRITIC editorial staff. The prize offered is insignificant, but the contest will be at least curious, and it is hoped the CRITIC's readers will enter into it heartily for the amusement it will afford. A number of the conundrums and answers pub lished in the Evening World are here given as an illustration of the class of response to the offer of that newspaper.

The Emerald Isle When is a Home Rule speech like water ! When it is all about Ireland. N. S., 22 East One-Hundred-and-Fourteenth st

Successful Joseph. Why was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain m fortunate in proposing marriage than men who have proposed and been rejected? Why, because he proposed and he caught (Endicott) her. JOHN J. CONNOLLY, 236 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn.

Hard on Auntie. Why is a policeman who is about to take our mother's sister to jail like a man going to an eating saloon? Because he is going to arrest our aunt (a cetaurant). Annie R. Amle, 196 West Hanover street, Trenton, N. J.

Of Latin Extraction. Why is a spade naturally angry when aken out of a hot-house? Because it knows it is "infra dig."

Why should the free-lunch fiend be called weather glass? Because he is a bar-room-eater (barom W. D. H., 80 Sands street, Brooklyn.

A Light Resemblance. What resembles a star the most? A sky-light. A Cabinet Purr.

Which card in the deck represents a Cabinet member? Tray, see? An THERE, 22, Brooklyn. Both Go With Bands. Why is a gypsy like a cornet?

Because they are always found in bands.

EMMA L. BRADY. Widows and Authors. What two modern authors' combined names will describe the state of a woman who had just buried her husband?

Ouids-Hood. Joseph A. Mullane, 190 Park Roy What theatre is expressly for children?
Miner's. A. CUNNINGHAM,
423 East Twelfth street, city.

Yet Are Seldom Sold. Which part of a vessel is always purchas The maste, as they are for sail (for sale)

And Both Get Them. Why are ladies house hunting like bunco Because they are looking for flats

"Why is a recent and quite public event like the first wall of a neworn infant? It is the Inauguration Ball (bawl)

For Footballers. Why is a 50-cent piece, once lost but re covered, like the member of a footbal It is a half-back.

Card-Players Are Perfect. No, because in cards everyone the "I deal" man.

Long, But Good. Why is spiritualism like "Uncle Tom" Spiritualism was originally done by Mar garet Fox's toe, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin'

was done by Harriet Beecher Stowe. T. J. Cunningham, 139 Sackett street, Brooklyn. What kind of soap would make a goo

bank safe? C. FOOTE, Nassau Bank. THE PUBLIC'S COLUMN.

[Communications on any matter of current interest will be cheerfully printed in The Curric under this head. Letters should in all cases be as brief as possible.] A Short Poem.

BROOKLYN, March 7 .- Editor Critic: I see in my Son this morning that you are in the short poem business, and practicing on Riddleberger's resignation, say that it was That may have been the case with his resignation, but as for himself, here is an

attempt which is short-by-long-perpendicu lar poetry, rather: Not He Went

Bent. I do not use the cuss word as such, but as representing the destination a man may ED. P. ACKERMAN

Hell-

THE WHITE HOUSE CAT.

Every one has heard the story of General Garfield's yellow dog, but few know anything of General Harrison's vellow cat. The cat is known as "Dan," and is not what might be called handsome. It is bald-headed on the top of its back, as an Irishman might say. Some frate woman no doubt, disturbed by its yowls, let fly with a bucket of hot water-bence the bald epot. It has not any tail worth mention ing and the hairless top of the little stub is as flat as the top of a pill box. No one knows where the cat came from, but it is hanging on with the tenseity of an officeceker and means to stay. "Lije" Halford tells this story about the cat. He says he first noticed its presence at the corner of Ninth street and Maryland avenue upo the arrival of the Harrison party, evening he stumbled over something in the Johnson annex hall. It was "Dan," and he was immediately run out. obbed up serenely on inauguration day at the White House and there it has been

CONDENSED BLUE BOOK. Persons wishing positions under the Har-

dson Administration can find a full list of the Government offices and salar double-sheet Curric for sale at th office at two cents per copy.

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tion, \$5.

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